

Haunted House Workers by prettyboiiharringrove

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Summary:

Harringrove Halloween Countdown // October 2 — it's far from the easiest job in the world, but Billy met the love of his life through this gig and he gets to scare people on a daily basis, so most of the time it's a fucking dream, but tonight, well tonight Billy is feeling a little concerned and a lot murderous.

Haunted House Workers

Billy kneels in front of Steve where he sits on the hay bale, biting down on his lip as the bruise on his shin hits the ground, the gravel digging in. He doesn't care really, not when he's looking at Steve with his head tilted back as he tries to stop the blood.

Most nights a sight like that wouldn't bother Billy, they work in a haunted house for fuck's sake, Steve's car seats are stained with fake blood and their shower has streaks from where the red dye has stained the tile. He likes blood, likes how it tastes, likes how it colors the water as it's washed out of Steve's hair and down the drain, but he doesn't like it when instead of it being special effects or some kinky thing Steve finally agreed to try, it's Steve's blood pouring out of his nose, making it hard for him to breathe, because some asshole decided to punch Steve for scaring his girlfriend, as if they didn't pay for him to do it.

"You're hurt," Steve frowns, his voice is coming out all nasally and Billy is exasperated because he always goes home limping after some bratty kid or attention seeking jock slams him in the shin. At least he didn't get bitten this time. He's not sure why Steve is focusing on him, although he really shouldn't be surprised because Steve is like this every time Billy gets hurt, no matter who is at fault or how often it happens.

"I'm used to it," Billy shrugs. He's been getting beatings for much longer than the three years he's been working this gig, he can take it. Steve however looks like his nose might be broken, and Billy isn't focused on how sad he'll be if that asshole messed up his boyfriend's pretty face, because he really doesn't like how exhausted and pale Steve looks.

"God, what did he do to you baby?" It's amazing Billy is so calm, considering just ten minutes ago one of the bigger guys had to pull him out of the parking lot by his shirt collar because he almost killed the fifteen year old asshole for hurting Steve. He's pretty sure the kid pissed himself, he sure hopes he did at least.

"How close did you come to losing your job this time?" Steve teases,

but he melts into the gentle hand cupping his cheek, stops trembling as he feels Billy's other hand resting on his hip. Steve isn't scared by much; you get pretty numb to things that go bump in the night when you work where he does, especially when you're routinely fucking a part time zombie, but cruel people with sharp knuckles are enough to make his skin crawl. He'll probably be a little shaken up until his day off on Thursday.

"I was *not* going to lose my job," Billy grumbles stubbornly, thumb gently stroking the slightly tender spot where he is sure a bruise is set to form. At least it isn't as bad as his nose. They both know it's not true; Billy is a loyal hardworking guy that loves his job, but he's had a few too many altercations with customers that he's been moved to one of the less favorable positions in the house and he's got three warnings under his belt. If he so much as looks at someone the wrong way, he might lose his job.

"Try again," Steve sighs, but immediately regrets it as the force of air pulled through his nose burns like a house on fire. It does do him some good though, in that Billy becomes the picture of perfect innocence and honesty, refusing to cause more grief than necessary.

"The big guy pulled me away before I could do anything stupid, said I needed to back off and come see you," he admits, chewing at his lip. Steve chuckles a bit, tries not to wince or let his eyes squeeze shut as another sharp pain jolts him. He thinks it's so cute that Billy calls his own best friend things like 'big guy' and 'beef cake'; he supposes it is more fitting than Marvin.

Steve makes a mental note to thank Marvin and Kelly later. They were the ones that helped Steve get the job and now they're going above and beyond to make sure his boyfriend doesn't get fired, by taking care of Steve and babysitting Billy.

"He was right, I'd much rather you look after me than get your ass kicked too," Steve places his hand over Billy's, smirks as Billy's face contorts, clearly offended by that comment.

"No way that little prick would kick my ass. He's a fucking pussy, all I had to do was look at him and he was practically shitting his pants," Billy should not look as proud as he does, and Steve should not be as

turned on by that confidence as he is, especially not in his current situation, but here they are.

“Oh yeah? So what does that say about me?” Steve questions, raising a judgmental brow. He should not come off as serious or intimidating as he does, not when he sounds like fucking Squidward, but Billy has absolutely no desire to piss off Steve. He’s still so worked up over Steve getting hurt that he can’t even sense the playfulness in Steve’s tone.

“It just, ugh, like okay he caught you by surprise though so like, it’s uh, it’s different, ya know ?? Like I bet you totally could have slaughtered him but he —”

“How about you shut up and take me home?” Steve teases and Billy finally catches on, breathing his own sigh of relief and pushing Steve with a playful nudge.

“How about I take you to the fucking hospital and make sure there’s no permanent damage pretty boy,” Billy licks his lips in that snake like way and it kind of pisses Steve off, because it’s even hot when he’s got fake flesh dangling off his cheek and shoulder, and cloudy grey contacts in.

Steve starts laughing out of nowhere, loud and boisterous and he can’t help himself, despite having to clutch at his side and nose because it hurts so much.

“You got a concussion or some shit?” Billy’s voice is immediately laced with concern again, and that helps calm Steve down a little bit as he tries to tamp down his giggling fit.

“No, no I’m fine, it’s just...it’s just,” he has to pause again, trying to speak between laughs. “Remember last time we went to the hospital in costume ?? I swear that nurse almost fainted.”

Billy joins in laughing after that, thinks maybe tonight can be redeemed after all. It’s a welcome thought, especially since he knows Steve is going to make him get his leg x-rayed again.

“This is gonna be fun,” he purrs with a devilish grin and Steve just

shakes his head. Might as well raise hell on their own time since they won't be able to finish their shift.